

Subject: Chat with Caleb Pritchard

From: Caleb Pritchard <cpritchard2001@gmail.com>

To: barriticus@gmail.com

me: <http://i.imgur.com/PYFcw.jpg?mid=50>

Caleb: Went to the doctor.

Caleb: Knee's broke.

Caleb: Gonna need surgery.

me: I see

me: when you gonna do that?

Caleb: Dunno.

Caleb: Gotta get my financial ducks lined up.

me: no health insurance through employer, eh?

Caleb: I declined it.

Caleb: Too expensive.

me: gotcha

me: well, this is what racist grandpas are for

me: tell em a jig jumped you

me: carved a "b" into your knee

Caleb: Meanwhile, Barrett, back on earth....

Caleb: They've gave me a prescription for Vicodin.

Caleb: *They.

me: well there you go

Caleb: I'm not in pain.

Caleb: And I'm broke.

Caleb: So I'm in no hurry to get it filled.

Caleb: It's yours if you want it, though.

me: how much it cost?

me: ah, you don't know

me: nigger don't know

Caleb: How a nigga gonna know?

Caleb: It's written up for twenty 500mg pills.